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COLLECTION

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FREE IN
ISSUE 22
Spooky
Pop-up



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THE SPINECHILLER
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Terror Trip

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THE HOUSE ON SPARROW LANE



s soon as the family car turned on to Sparrow Lane, Michelle Cooper was impressed. The street was edged with large, beautiful oak trees. Stately houses lined the road, each with its own landscaped front garden. This neighbourhood was a far cry from the estate Michelle and her family had lived in since she was born over thirteen years ago. Although modern and well maintained, each home was identical to the one next door. By contrast, each house here on Sparrow Lane had a look that was all its own.

"Here we are, kids!" Michelle's father announced as he turned into the driveway of number 26.

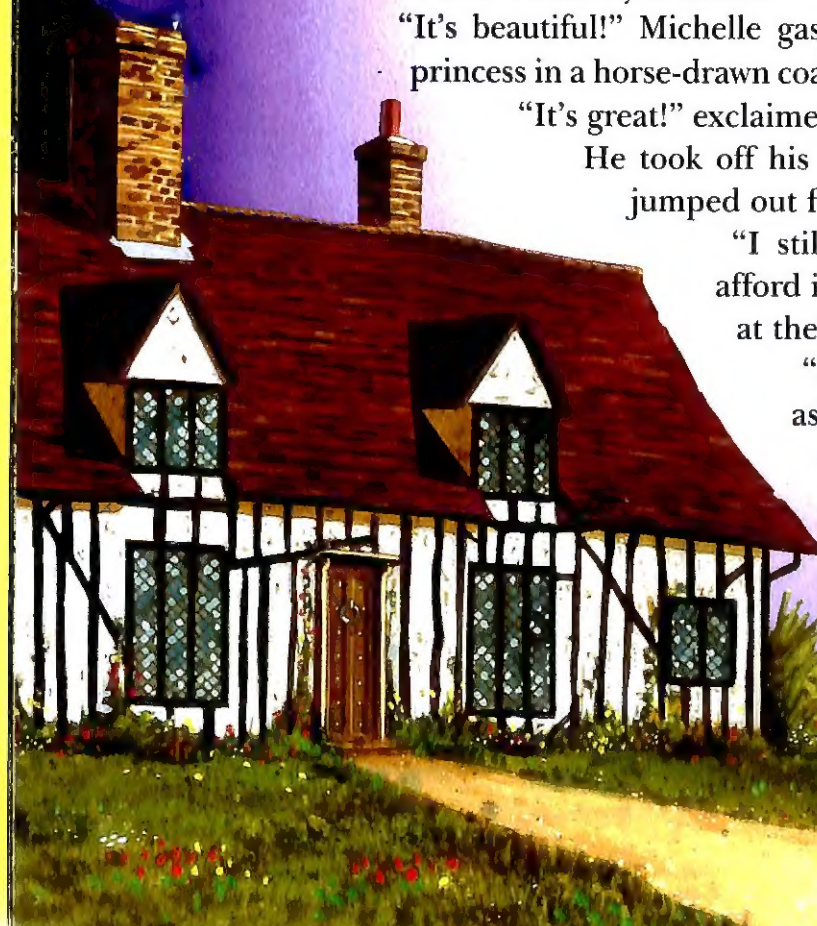
Michelle gasped in awe at the residence looming before them. Although she'd seen photos of the place, they hadn't done it justice. The two-storey home looked like a small manor house, complete with leaded windows on the first floor, a carved front door and Tudor-style beams.

"It's beautiful!" Michelle gasped, imagining herself to be a princess in a horse-drawn coach pulling up in front of a castle.

"It's great!" exclaimed Ryan, her 11-year-old brother. He took off his seat belt, opened his door and jumped out for a closer look.

"I still can't believe we can actually afford it," their mother said, staring up at their gorgeous new home.

"How can we afford it?" Michelle asked. She knew that her parents weren't exactly rich.




"It's a repossession," her dad explained. "The old owners abandoned the place a year ago, so the bank took it over, fixed it up, put it on the market, and sold it off at a bargain price."

"Like I always say, Michelle, it pays to shop around," her mother said.

"Well, let's go and take a look," her dad said, climbing out of the car.

Inside, the Coopers' new home was every bit as impressive as it was from the street. The rooms were large and sunny, the curtains and carpets were all spanking new, and even the bathroom taps were of the highest quality.



 After taking their own individual tours of the five-bedroomed house, the Coopers gathered in their spacious, state-of-the-art kitchen to exchange impressions.

"We're going to need new furniture," Ryan said immediately. "There's no way our old stuff is going to look any good in this palace."

"One thing at a time," Michelle's father said. "The deposit for this place made a pretty big dent in our bank account."

"I can't believe the old owners just abandoned a house like this," Michelle remarked. "Why would anyone walk away from such a beautiful home?"

"The people at the bank think the owners ran into hard times and just couldn't keep up with the mortgage," her mother explained. "That kind of thing happens more often than you think, especially

with expensive homes. Some people just seem to get in over their heads."

"But that shouldn't happen to us," her father assured them. "Both your mum and I have good solid jobs. We may not be rich, but we've got enough money."

"Except for new furniture," Ryan corrected him.

"Except for new furniture," his dad agreed.

That night, as Michelle lay in her bed admiring the new curtains, she silently thanked her parents for finding this wonderful house. She thanked the bank for pricing it so cheaply. And most of all, she thanked the former owners who had abandoned it.


Smiling to herself, Michelle turned over and prepared for sleep.

But just then, she heard a low, thunder-like rumble and felt the bed vibrate. Startled, she sat bolt upright and strained her ears to identify the source of the strange noise. But the rumbling had

stopped, and the house was deathly silent.

Maybe it's the plumbing, she thought. With that, she lay back and fell asleep.



 Do you moved into the Beakmans' old place, huh?" said Evelyn Winnows, one of three girls who had joined Michelle for lunch at her new school.

"You mean 26 Sparrow Lane?" Michelle asked.

"That's the place," Ashley Tayler replied. "Jenny Beakman used to be in our class. Until..." She stopped short.

"Until what?" Michelle asked, leaning forward.

"Well, that's the mystery, isn't it?" Lauren Azell said, her grey eyes boring into Michelle's. She leaned across the table and spoke in a low, measured voice.

"You see Michelle, last year on Halloween night, Jenny Beakman and her family... disappeared."

"I know," Michelle replied, still confused by the other girls' anxious expressions. "The bank said they abandoned the house. They couldn't meet the mortgage payments or something."

"Is that what they told you?" Evelyn asked. Then she and her friends exchanged knowing glances that made Michelle feel uncomfortable.

"Isn't that what happened?" Michelle pressed on. "If it's not, I think I should know the truth."

Lauren chuckled darkly. "The only people who know the truth are the Beakmans... and the house."

"You see, the Beakmans didn't just run away," Evelyn explained. "Or if they did, they didn't take a thing with them. Their car, their furniture, their clothes... everything was left behind."

"They just vanished into thin air," Ashley said dramatically. "No blood. No note. No clues at all."

"And do you know the really weird thing?" asked Lauren, leaning in even closer. "When the police finally broke in, they found every door locked ... from the inside."

"Including the door to the garage," Evelyn added.

"What did the police say happened?" Michelle asked, suddenly finding it difficult to swallow.

"They don't know," Lauren said, a creepy twinkle in her eye. "In fact, most of the people in town don't like to talk about it."



"Maybe you can find out," Ashley suggested. "I mean, if I lived in that creepy old house, I'd like to know why the people who lived there before me vanished without a trace. Wouldn't you?"

Michelle agreed that indeed she would.



Yeah, I worked on the Beakman story," said Pam Kane, a reporter who had written several articles about the Beakmans' disappearance, which Michelle had found in old newspapers at the local library. Now here she was at the paper's main office.

"What can you tell me about it?" Michelle asked.

"What are you doing?" Pam retorted. "A Halloween piece for your school paper?"

"No, actually, I live in the Beakmans' old house," Michelle replied.

"You live at 26 Sparrow Lane?" Pam

asked with sudden interest. "Well, I guess you have a right to know then. I suppose you've read my articles?"

"Yes, but I want to know if there's anything you didn't print," Michelle said.

"Only some background details," Pam replied. "For instance, the Beakmans built the house less than a year before they disappeared."

"Really?" Michelle reacted with genuine surprise. "I thought it was older than that."

"They designed it to fit in with the rest of the neighbourhood," Pam explained.

"They tore down the house that had been there before and put a whole new one in its place. The original house was in pretty bad shape. You see, it had been abandoned for years – ever since its occupants mysteriously vanished."

Michelle gulped hard and a chill ran up her back. She was beginning to see a pattern here, and it didn't look good for her or her family.



For the next week, before going to bed, Michelle ran from door to door and from window to window making sure the house was locked up tight. She knew this precaution hadn't saved the Beakmans, but doing something still felt better than doing nothing at all.

As for her parents, neither of them took much interest. "You're getting caught up in a ghost story," her father said.

"These new friends of yours are just trying to scare you," her mother insisted.

Even her brother Ryan refused to believe that they were in any danger.

"People don't just disappear," he told her. "There's always a logical explanation."

Michelle wanted to believe that they were right. She wanted to believe that some supernatural force wasn't going to whisk them all away in the dead of night. But when Halloween finally arrived, she couldn't help but sense trouble. For October 31st was the day that the Beakman family had disappeared, and Michelle could feel in her bones that, like it or not, she would soon discover why.



It was around ten o'clock at night, and the last of the trick-or-treaters had come and gone. Turning off the porch light, Michelle's father closed and bolted the front door as everyone got ready for bed.

Michelle was in her bedroom taking off her shoes when she noticed an odd, unpleasant smell. She tried to ignore it, but it became stronger and more pungent with each passing second.

Concerned, she put her shoes back on and went out into the hallway. Ryan was already there, his face twisted into a disgusted grimace as he sniffed the air.

"What is that smell?" he groaned.

"It's like rotting vegetables," Michelle said, holding her nose tightly so that the stench couldn't penetrate.

"Did one of you leave the lid off the bin?" their father asked as he and their mother appeared at the top of the stairs.

"No!" Ryan called back.

"Well, something certainly stinks!" their mother insisted. "And there's no way

I'm going to bed with the house smelling like this! Who knows what we could wake up to!"

Together, they began a search of the house to find the source of the increasingly offensive odour. They started in the kitchen, then inspected the dining room, the living room, and both bathrooms. All the while Michelle was thinking that this was the beginning of the end, a prelude to whatever unspeakable horror was about to strike them.

Eventually, the Coopers' search took them to the unfinished basement. As soon



as Ryan opened the door, it was obvious they were on the right track, for the smell from below was so strong that it hit them with the force of a ten-ton truck.

"I think something must've died down there," Ryan groaned, covering his mouth with his hand.

"Stay here. I'll go and have a look," Michelle's father said as he started down

the steps. But after about five minutes, he reappeared at the foot of the stairs. "I can't find a thing," he called up to his family with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I'll help!" Ryan said excitedly, racing down the stairs. "Maybe we'll find a body!"

"Slow down, Ryan! You'll hurt yourself!" his mother cried, hurrying after him.

Michelle, afraid to be left alone, joined her family. When she reached the cold basement with its

bare concrete walls and low ceiling, she found the others gathered round a large metal drain set in the middle of the floor, which was made of concrete slabs.

She assumed the drain had been installed to help prevent flooding, which happened to a lot of basements in the area during heavy rainstorms.

"I think the smell is coming from down there," Ryan said, peering into the darkness below the grating.

"I think Ryan's right," his mother agreed.

"Maybe the drains have backed up," his father speculated. "Although there hasn't been any rain for a week."

Just then, Michelle felt a strange rumbling beneath her feet. It was similar to the tremor that had disturbed her sleep during her first night in the house, only it was stronger and lasted longer than the earlier one.

"What was that?" she asked fearfully.

"It felt like an earthquake," Ryan stated.

"There aren't any earthquakes round here..." Michelle's mother began, only to be stopped short when another, even stronger tremor shook the house.

"Something's definitely down there,"

her father said as he cautiously peered down into the drain. "I think I see something moving."

That same instant, the basement began to shake as though a four-engined goods train was thundering through the house. Losing her footing, Michelle stumbled forward and grabbed the wall for support. A moment later, a piece of the floor right next to her erupted as a huge, worm-like creature, like something out of a fevered nightmare, shot up from below.

Michelle's mother barely had time to scream before the monster, which was as thick as the trunk of an oak tree, grabbed her in its gaping jaw, flipped its head back, and swallowed her whole.

Michelle did have time to scream as the monster turned on her father, knocking him to the floor with its enormous, scaly head before gobbling him down as though he were a piece of popcorn.

Terrified out of his wits, Ryan didn't even try to

run as the humongous worm-thing came after him next. Instead, he just stood there frozen to the spot, until it sucked him up into its huge, slavering mouth and gulped him down.

Now only Michelle remained. Her eyes darted to the nearby stairs, and for a brief instant she considered making a bolt for freedom. But she quickly realised that any attempt to escape would be useless.

Surely, the Beakmans had tried to flee, just as the people who had lived on this site before must have attempted to escape. But their fates had been sealed the moment they decided to sink a basement into soil on which humans were not meant to trespass.

And so, Michelle Cooper just stood there in stony silence, her eyes fixed

straight ahead as the hideous creature of 26 Sparrow Lane spun toward her, opened its enormous mouth, and...



"It's beautiful!" Mrs Spiegel gasped as she and her husband stood in front of the Tudor-style house at 26 Sparrow Lane. "And such a bargain! I can't believe it!"

"Tell me, what happened to the former owners?" Mr Spiegel asked the estate agent standing next to him.

"No one knows for sure," the agent replied with a shrug. "They just abandoned the property. Disappeared in the dead of night. I guess they couldn't keep up with the mortgage payments. So, what do you say? Do we have a deal or don't we?"

Mr. and Mrs. Spiegel looked at each other for a brief second, then turned back to the agent.

"Deal," they said in unison. "How could we possibly pass up a monster bargain like this?"

THE END

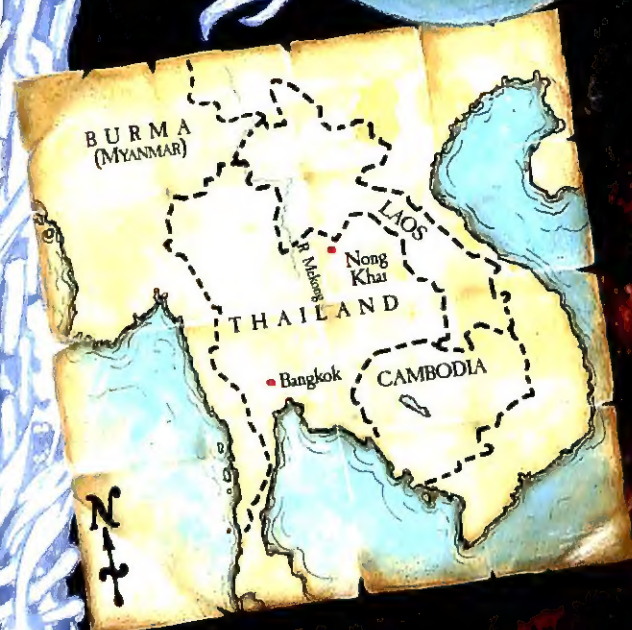


OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Exotic and oriental,
Thailand has a history
rich with weirdness...

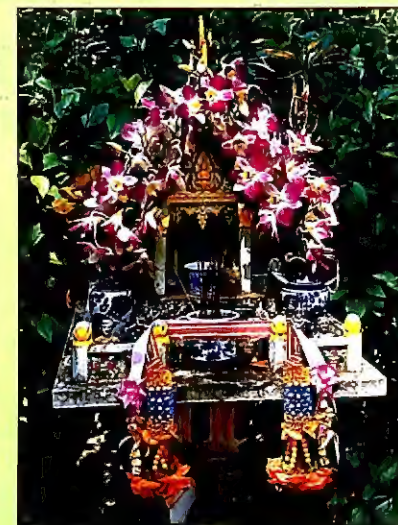
THAILAND'S TATTOOIST ►
Special tattoo designs are thought to ward off evil spirits. Here, a professional tattooist starts work on his son's back. It is a long, painful process to remove a tattoo – so let's hope the son is happy with his!



MEKONG RIVER MYSTERY

Every year, around the time of the October full moon, great stretches of the mighty Mekong river, near Nong Khai, are the scene of an amazing unsolved mystery. It is the time when beach-ball-sized lights appear on the river bed, then rise to the surface of the water. They then shoot out of the water, just like luminous cannonballs, only to disappear into the air!

Research suggests that phosphorescent bacteria in the river bed could be causing a build-up of gases. Scientists can't agree about this, but local people are quite clear about the light balls. They believe them to be the eggs of a giant river serpent which are released by the light of the full moon each year!

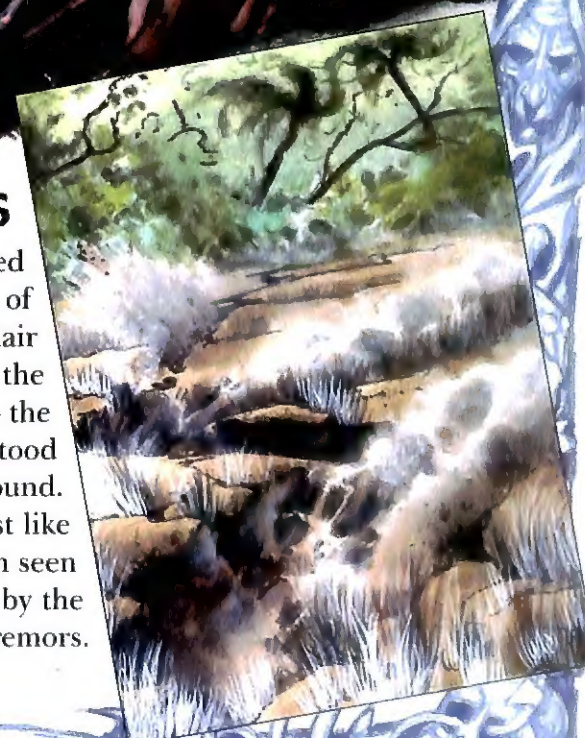


KEEPING UP THEIR SPIRITS

Thai people believe that every piece of land comes with its own group of ghosts and spirits who live there. So, when a new house is built, a spirit house is often built in the garden. Looking a bit like a dolls' house, it is always beautifully decorated. Joss sticks are burnt round the clock, and offerings of food are left at the spirit house to keep its ghostly residents happy.

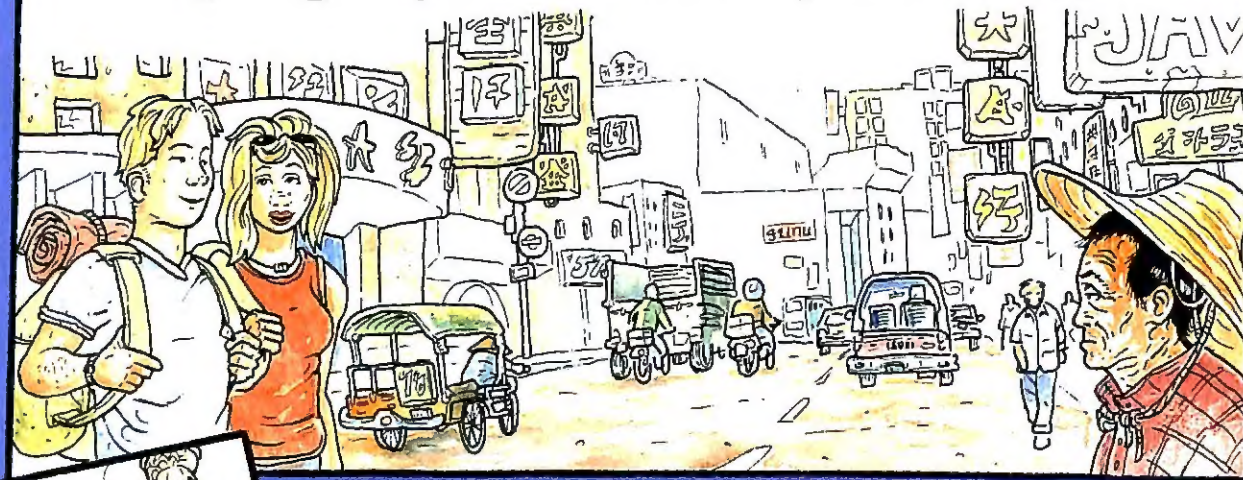
HAIRY QUAKES

In May 1848, *Scientific American* reported an earthquake in the Chantibrun area of eastern Thailand. During the tremors, hair seemed to sprout from the ground! All over the quake area – in bazaars, roads and fields – the ground was covered in a long, hairy crop. It stood upright, yet seemed fixed to the ground. When burned, the hairs twisted and smelled just like human hair. 'Quake hairs' have since been seen during other earthquakes and may be caused by the unusual electrical conditions found during the tremors.



BLOOD AND BLUNDER

A young couple were on holiday in Thailand...



1 They visited temples, saw Thai dancing and rode in a tuk tuk.



2 Near the end of their holiday, they stayed in a Bangkok guesthouse close to the famous floating market.



3 They bought some luscious tropical fruit from an old woman on a sampan.



4 Next day, they returned to her for some more fruit. She remembered them and gave them some extra fruit and a big smile!

5 On their last day, they went to say goodbye to the fruit seller – and received a terrible shock. Blood was oozing down both sides of her mouth!



6 They tried to find out what was the matter, but the woman didn't seem to understand a word they said.



7 Determined to help, they bundled her ashore, into a tuk tuk and off to hospital. This clearly upset her a lot!



8 In the Bangkok hospital reception area, the old fruit seller, still bleeding, started yelling at the nurse, shaking her fist and pointing at the mystified young couple.



9 The smiling nurse explained that the woman was quite well. The bloody-looking flow from her mouth was merely saliva which had been stained by the red juice of the betel nut – a popular snack.





THE ROSWELL INCIDENT

Special Investigation File: 21

Subject: crash landing of a 'UFO'
Place: Roswell, New Mexico, USA

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

In June 1947, the first ever sighting of a 'flying saucer' took place in the USA. By July, the US Airforce was receiving regular reports of UFO activity. Many have since been explained away. But an incident that occurred in Roswell, New Mexico remains a mystery.

The story began on 2 July, when Dan Wilmot and his wife saw an object hurtle past. At about the same time, rancher 'Mac' Brazel heard a crash in the sky. The next day, he found silvery, foil-like wreckage on his land. When he reported this to the US Army base in Roswell, soldiers came to examine the debris.

At first the soldiers said the debris was from a UFO. But then they said it was a weather balloon. Ever since, many people have believed that the US government covered up the truth.

Evidence no: 21/1
Major Jesse A Marcel examines the debris



PRESS RELEASE

The following statement was read to the press by Lieutenant Haut of Roswell Army Air Field on 8 July 1947:

The many rumours regarding the flying disc became a reality yesterday when the intelligence office of the 509th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force, Roswell Army Air Field, was fortunate enough to gain possession of a disc through the co-operation of one of the local ranchers... Not having phone facilities, the rancher stored the disc until such time as he was able to contact the sheriff's office, who in turn notified Major Jesse A Marcel of the 509th Bomb Group Intelligence Office.

August 1947
Dear Darlene
Guess what? Barney Barnett saw that spaceship before the army cleared everyone off Mac's land. He swears that there were five tiny dead bodies nearby. They looked a bit like people, but with no hair and smaller eyes. They were dressed in one-piece, silver-grey suits. Barney's not the type to imagine things, but his story seems incredible. What do you think?
Avril



Evidence no: 21/3
The Roswell crash site

ROSWELL REPORT

- 1 The debris may have come not from a weather balloon but a spy balloon designed to collect Soviet secrets. These balloons were being tested then.
- 2 The Roswell base contained nuclear weapons, so the balloon may have belonged to a foreign power spying on the USA. There was writing on the debris that may have been Japanese.
- 3 No scientific proof of the wreckage's alien origin has been produced. The debris was probably made of polythene, which was invented in 1947. This is why it was unfamiliar to crash investigators.
- 4 The stories about alien corpses are equally difficult to prove. The 1994 film claiming to show an autopsy on one of the bodies was almost definitely a hoax.

CONCLUSION

Taking all the facts into account, it seems likely that the Roswell debris came from a source on Earth. But many people remain unconvinced and continue to believe that, in New Mexico in 1947, aliens fell to Earth.

September 1987 DOUBTFUL DOCUMENTS Was the Roswell Incident covered up?

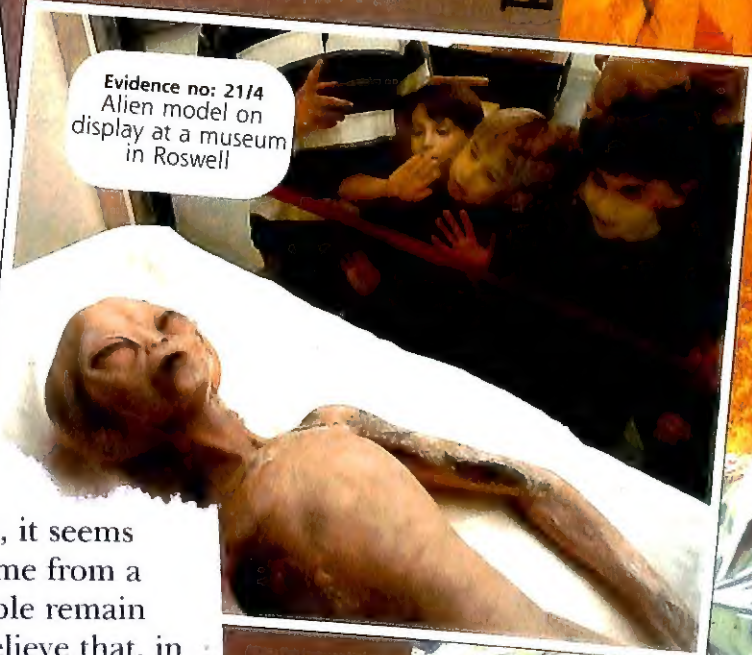
In 1984, two documents arrived at the home of a US TV producer. The first, dated September 1947, was apparently written by US President Truman. It established a 12-person committee to investigate Roswell. The second was dated 1952 and introduced the so-called 'Majestic 12' committee to the new president, Eisenhower. These letters seemed to prove that the government was taking the Roswell Incident seriously.

However, when they were examined earlier this year, the documents turned out to be fakes. The style of typewriter used for the 1947 letter was not even made until 1963!

Classified



Evidence no: 21/4
Alien model on display at a museum in Roswell



Evidence no: 21/2
The Roswell Incident makes headline news

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

Wolverden Tower

Retold from a story by Grant Allen

Maisie Llewelyn, a beautiful, dark-haired Welsh girl of 20, was on a train on her way to Kent. She was visiting Wolverden Hall, a magnificent manor house owned by her wealthy friends Colonel and Mrs West. She sat thinking about the wonderful Christmas party the Wests had organised. Actors from London had been invited to take part in the tableaux that would form part of the evening's entertainment. Mrs West met her at the station in a carriage and soon they were rattling up the drive to the ivy-covered mansion.

"I hope you don't mind, you will be sleeping in a ground-floor room in the new wing", said Mrs West as they went in. "The house is absolutely full for the weekend."

Maisie was delighted when she saw her lavishly decorated room and noticed the sturdy shutters on the windows which made her feel quite safe. She walked over to a French window and admired the view. The village church was inside the garden of Wolverden Hall and Maisie was struck by the whiteness of its tower. As she and Mrs West strolled out to the terrace and on towards the gate into the churchyard, Mrs West explained that the church was

very old. It had been built on the ruins of a Saxon place of worship. Her husband, she said, had recently had the tower rebuilt, which was why the stonework was so white.

The two women crossed the churchyard and went into the porch. An old lady was sitting on a bench there, muttering to herself. She didn't get up when she saw Mrs West, but when she spotted Maisie her eyes lit up as if she recognised her. The old woman's stare made Maisie feel uncomfortable, so she turned and started to talk to her companion.



"This church is lovely," she remarked, "but it's a pity about the tower – it looks out of place."

"I'm afraid we had to rebuild it," replied Mrs West. "It was in a dangerous condition."

"Lies! Lies! Lies!" mumbled the old woman from her bench. "It would never have fallen, for Wolverden Tower was protected thrice with the souls of maidens against attacks by Man or the Devil."

"Come on," whispered Mrs West to Maisie, "we'll leave her to her rantings."

But Maisie did not seem to hear her and stood listening to the old woman, whose voice had risen to a high, quavering sing-song.

"It was protected at the foundations against earthquake and ruin," she chanted. "It was protected in the middle against storm and battle. It was protected at the top against thunder and lightning."

When she had finished this little speech, the woman got up and shuffled out of the porch. She pointed a skinny hand at the tower and called out, "That's what the rhyme says, see:

*A thousand years the tower shall stand
Till ill assailed by evil hand."*

Then she glanced back at Maisie with a hungry look, walked across the churchyard to a large stone burial vault and sat down on a seat at the entrance.

Maisie shivered. "Who is she?" she asked Mrs West.

"She's called Bessie. The servants are afraid of her – they think she's a witch. But really she's just a pauper. She knows a lot of dreadful stories about Wolverden Church though, and she comes here almost every day. We offered her money and a house in



Surrey if she would leave Wolverden, but she says she must stay with the bodies of her dead. She does frighten me sometimes, I must admit."

As Maisie and Mrs West crossed the churchyard back to Wolverden Hall, they passed the vault. Maisie could see that Bessie now had her face pressed to the door and seemed to be whispering at it. They hurried back and Maisie was glad to return to her comfortable room, where she changed into a simple white satin dress for dinner. She was much admired by the other guests and a handsome Oxford student sat beside her as they waited for the tableaux to start.

A number of the guests, and several actors, took up their positions on a specially built platform for the first tableau, which

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

was called *Jephthah's Daughter*. Dressed in various shades of grey and white, they re-created the moment described in the Bible when the daughter of Jephthah, accompanied by her maids, leaves her father's house. Her fate is to spend two months on a mountain before being offered up as a sacrifice to God.

Maisie thought this was too sad a scene for such a happy occasion, but soon someone started to play the piano and entertain the audience with songs until the next tableau was ready. This showed a scene from the Greek story of Iphigenia, a beautiful young girl who was offered as a sacrifice by her father Agamemnon to the goddess Artemis. The dignified father stood beside the pyre, his eyes turned away from his terrified daughter, who was held by stern guards. Behind her stood a semi-circle of maidens, dressed in flowing white gowns.

Maisie was immediately struck by the beauty of two graceful girls whose robes didn't seem to be Greek.

"Look at those two striking girls on the right," she said to her companion. "Don't they look beautiful?"

THE FACTS

Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen (1848-1899), known as Grant Allen, was born in Canada but educated in England. As an adult, he ran a college in Jamaica for some

years, then in 1876 moved to England for good. He wrote works about science and religion and was also the author of many stories about the supernatural. Among these was the collection *Twelve Tales* from which *Wolverden Tower* is taken.



The student stroked his moustache and said, "Well... um... I have to say I wouldn't exactly call them beautiful. And I don't like the way they've done their hair – they look too modern."

"Oh no, I don't mean those two," answered Maisie. "I mean the two beyond them."

The student stared at her in amazement. "I can't see..." he began, still studying Maisie's face, but then he stopped.

Maisie didn't seem to notice and asked him to explain the story. The student raced through the events of the Greek myth, then hurriedly excused himself, saying he had to find his cousin.

Maisie watched as the tableau broke up and some of the players, who were not needed for the next one, came down from the platform and joined the other guests. The two striking girls headed straight for Maisie and sat down, one on either side of her. They immediately started to talk to her, and she found them charming. They both seemed to know *Wolverden* extremely well.

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of the piano once more, and a soprano started to sing a well-known Scottish ballad called *Proud Maisie*. Maisie hated this song, particularly the second verse:

*Tell me, thou bonny bird
When shall I marry me?
When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.*

When she heard these words, the colour drained from her face and she felt faint. As the singer stopped, the taller of the two girls, Yolande, said to Maisie, "Don't you like that song?"

"I'm afraid I hate it. Those horrid words 'When six braw gentlemen

kirkward shall carry ye' haunt me. I wish I had never been called Maisie!"

"Perhaps it is sad," replied Yolande, "but it's natural to die. Why are you attached to a world of misery? People with eyes such as yours – and mine – can look into the future and ought not to shrink from death. For death is only a gate, a gate to life in its fullest beauty. It is written over the door, *Mors Janua Vitae* – Death is the Gate to Life."

Maisie's head was spinning. She thought she had seen those Latin words somewhere around *Wolverden Hall*. It seemed that Yolande had, too. "What door?" she asked nervously.

"The door to the vault in the churchyard."

Now she remembered. "How dreadful," she whispered, half to herself.

WORD POWER

tableaux – dramatic scenes acted out by a group of costumed performers

thrice – three times

rantings – wild, shouted words

assailed – attacked

pauper – a poor person

pyre – a fire built for burning a corpse

braw – Scottish for 'fine' or 'brave'

kirkward – Scottish for 'towards the church'



MYTHICAL MONSTERS PUZZLES

HA HA HA
HA HA HA

4 CBMTGDF

HIDDEN HORRORS!

Six mythical monsters have hidden themselves behind the trees. The letters in their names have been replaced by either the letter before or the letter after in the alphabet. Can you work out who is hiding?

1 AVOXJO

3 RBTRTZUBI

5 ODRTHF

2 FNOHPO

FEARFUL FACTS

Whether it is called Sasquatch, Yeti, Abominable Snowman, or Big Foot, a huge, hairy ape-like man with big feet and red eyes has been seen at times in remote regions of the world. If you see one you'll know, not only by its size but because it stinks to high heaven.

3 What did the baby hedgehog say as it backed into a cactus? Because you can't keep a good man down!

2 What kind of monster can sit on the end of your finger? A lost camel.

1 What runs around the forest making other animals yawn? A bogeyman.

4 Why did the monster feel sick after eating the missionary? A puffin in a revolving door.

5 What animal has two humps and is found at the North Pole? Is that you mother?

6 What's black and white and goes round and round? A wild bore.

WHAT'S THE JOKE?

The banshee is howling at some awful jokes. They would be even funnier if that mischievous leprechaun hadn't got the punch lines muddled up. Can you sort them out?



DEMON DRAUGHTS

The giant hairy monster is playing draughts. But he hasn't quite got the hang of it and is trying to add seven more draughts to the board so that no line, either vertically, horizontally or diagonally, has more than one black draught in it. Can you help him?





ROGUE RACES

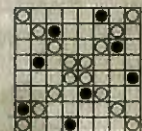
The mythical monsters are running a race. There's a prize for each of them. Can you tell from their names which number parcel belongs to whom?

DOGFEATERS

I LIKE	I HATE	DESCRIPTION
SN(A)I L	L	lettuce
PZZ		Oak fruit
HM		Tube-like pasta
CRB		Green vegetable
MGGT		Chewy sweet
PTT		Folded cooked egg
HMN		Chinese pasta
CSHW		Crisp batter cake
TMT		Pearl maker
SPDR		Italian rice
WRM		Festive tart

MONSTER MENU

Griffin has written down a list of his favourite foods, but he's missed out all the vowels. Those things he doesn't like he's described in the right-hand column. The last letter of the word on the left is the same as the first letter of the word on the right. First complete the I HATE column. Then fill in the letters in the second column and read them to reveal a mythical medieval monster.



ANSWERS

1. Bunyip; 2. Gorgon; 3. Sasquatch; 4. Banshee; 5. Nessie; 6. Kraken
WHAT'S THE JOKE? 1. A wild bore; 2. A bogeyman; 3. Is that your mother? 4. Because you can't keep a good man down! 5. A lost camel; 6. A puffin in a revolving door.
MONSTER MENU: Small/Lettuce/Pizza/Alcorn Ham/Macaroni/Crab/Broccoli/Maggon/Toffee Port/Omelette/Human/Koodle/Cashew/Waffle Tomato/Oyster/Spider/Risotto/Worm/Mince pie. The monster is the Lambton Worm.
ROGUE RACES: Droolip (goblin) 10; Slobberchops (werewolf) 15; Eyegore (cyclops) 11; Bogfeatures (Gerbans) 16; Cowpat (Minotaur) 8; Teartooth (harpie) 13.
Vowels = 2; Consonants = 1.



AURAS

Are we all surrounded by a haze of colour that indicates the type of person we are or the mood we are in?

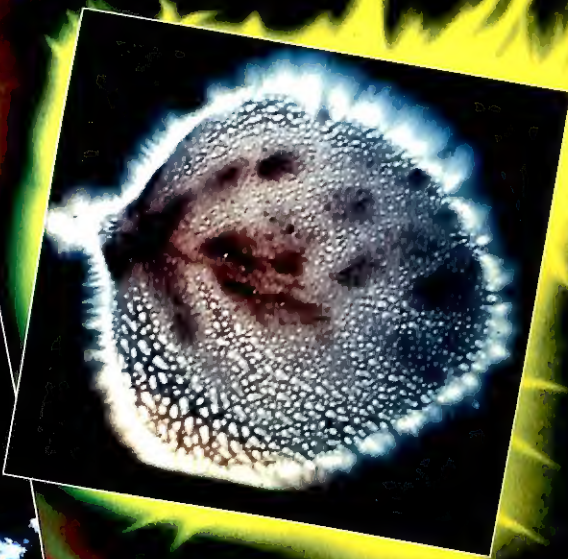
People with special psychic powers claim that they can always see a haze of colourful light, called an aura, surrounding other people.

As well as telling them about that person's personality, they believe that the colour and strength of the aura show the physical health and spiritual nature of the individual. They also believe that anyone can be trained to see other people's auras.



▲ SPARKS FLY!

A lively Kirlian picture of a hand – but the colours only show the type of camera film used.



▲ LUMINOUS LEAF

All sorts of living things, like this rose petal, have a colourful Kirlian aura.

PSYCHIC SNAPS

Not only can people be trained to see auras, but some people believe that auras can also be caught on camera.

In 1939, a Russian engineer called Semyan Kirlian made an accidental discovery. After receiving an electric shock which produced a spark of light from a live electrode, he decided to set up an experiment to try to photograph the effects of the electric shock. The developed film showed a glowing energy pattern surrounding his hand.

What had Kirlian captured in his photograph? Did it simply record normal physical activity, like sweating, by rather unscientific means? Or, was this Semyan Kirlian's aura revealed on film for all to see?



PURPLE HAZE ►

This picture, taken with a special aura camera, reveals a subject's aura. Its purple colour is supposed to show that she is spiritual or religious.



▲ COSMIC HEALING

Using his hands to channel energy, the healer may explore the patient's aura to find the source of their pain.



◀ FLASH OF FRIGHT!

A psychic in 1902 tried to show how he saw the aura – this is meant to show a burst of intense terror!

HELP FOR HEALERS

On one occasion Kirlian was trying to give a demonstration to a visitor. Using his own hand, he could not get a clear image, but with his wife's hand the image came out perfectly clear. A few hours after the event, Kirlian went down with a nasty illness. He believed that the change in his own aura was a prior warning that he was going to get sick.

This aspect of aura investigation marches closely what psychics and healers have reported for many years. Rose Gladden is a British healer who started to practise during the 1940s. She says she can see people's auras without the aid of Kirlian photography, and that much of her work involves clearing the blocks or imbalances of the aura itself in order to heal physical pain and illness.

COLOUR OF LOVE

Those who can see auras say that most people have a predominant colour in their surrounding light, but that the colour can also change to indicate different moods.

1 A brilliant red shows anger or a strong personality

2 Red-brown indicates a passionate nature

3 Rose red shows a more affectionate person

4 A greedy person may have a brown aura

5 Yellow indicates intelligence

6 Purple and blue indicate a spiritual or religious person

7 Green highlights the crafty and jealous side of a person's character